A

GODLIE DREAME.

COMPYLED BY ELIZ. MELVILL,

Ladie Culros yonger, at the requeſt of a friend.

Introite per anguſtam portam, nam lata eſt via quæ ducit ad interitum.

EDINBVRGH
PRINTED BY ROBERT CHARTERIS PRINTER to the Kings moſt Excellent Majeſtie. 1606.

Cum Priuilegio Regali.

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VPon a day as I did mourne full sore,
For sundry things wherewt my soule was greeued:
My greefe increased and grew more and more,
I comfort fled and could not be releeued.
With heauinesse my hart was so mischeeued,
I loathed my life, I could not eate nor drinke:
I might not speake, nor looke to none that liued,
But mused alone and diuers things did thinke.

This wretched world did sore molest my minde,
I thoght vpon this false and pron age:
And how our harts were so to vice inclined,
That Satan seemde most fearefullie to rage.
Nothing in earth my sorrow could asswage,
I felt my sinne most stronglie to increase:
I greeued the spirit that wont to be my pledge,
My soule was plunged into most deepe distresse.

All merinesse did aggrauate my paine,
And earthlie ioyes did still increase my woe:
In companie I no waies could remaine,
But fled resort, and so alone did goe.
My selie soule was tossed to and fro,
With sundrie thoughts which troubled me full sore.
I preased to pray, but sighs ouerset me so,
I could do nought but groue and say no more.

The twinkling [illegible]ares aboundantlie ran downe,
My hart was [illegible] when I had mournde my fill:
Then I began [illegible] lamentation.
And [illegible], O Lord, how long is it thy will
That [illegible] shall be afflicted still?
[illegible] shall subtle Satan rage?
Make haste, O Lord, thy promise to fulfill,
Make haste to end our painefull pilgrimage.

Thy selfe Saints are tossed to and fro,
Awake, O Lord, why sleepest thou so long?
We haue no strength against our cruell fo,
In sighs and sobs now changed is our song,
The world preuailes, our enemies are strong,
The wicked rage, but we are poore and weake:
O shew thy selfe, with speede reuenge our wrong,
Make short these dayes euen for thy chosens sake.

Lord Jesus come and saue thine owne elect,
For Satan seekes our simple soules to slay:
The wicked world doth stronglie vs infect,
Most monstrous sinnes increases day by day.
Our loue growes cold, our zeale is worne away,
Our faith is failde, and we are like to fall:
The Lyon roares to catch vs for his pray,
Make haste, O Lord, before we perish all.

These are the dayes that thou so long foretold,
Should come before this wretched world should end:
Now vice abounds, and charitie growes cold,
And euen thine owne most stronglie doe offend.
The deuill preuailes, his forces he doth bend,
If it could be to wreake thy children deare:
But we are thine, therefore some succoursend,
Receiue our soules, we wearie wandring heere.

What

What can we doe, we clogged are with filth,
In filthie vice our senslesse soules are drowned:
Though we resolue, we never can begin
To mend our lines, but sin doth still abound.
When wilt thou come? when shall thy thy trumpet sound?
When shall we see that great and glorious day?
O saue vs Lord, out of this pit profound,
And reaue vs from this loathsome lump of clay.

Thou knowest our harts, thou seest our whole desire,
Our secret thoughts they are not hid from thee:
Though we offend, thou knowest we strangelie tyre
To beare this weight, our spirit would faine be free.
Alas, O Lord, what pleasure can it be
To liue in sin, that sore doth presse vs downe?
Oh, giue vs wings that we aloft may flie,
And end the fight that we may weare the crowne.

Before the Lord when I had thus complainde,
My minde grew calme, mine hart was then at ease:
Though I was faint, from foode yet I refrainde
And went to bed, because I thought it best.
With heauinesse my spirit was sore oppressed,
I fell on sleepe, and so againe me thought
I made my mone, and then my griefe increast,
And from the Lord with teares I succour sought.

Lord Jesus come, said I, and end our greefe,
My spirit is vexed, the captiue would be free:
All vice abounds, O send vs some releefe,
I loath to liue, I with dissolude to be.
My spirit doth long, and thirsteth after thee,
As thirstie ground requyres a showre of raine:
My hart is dry, as fruitlesse barren tree
I fade my selfe, how can I heere remaine

With

With sighs and sobs as I did so lament,
Into my dreame I thought there did appeare
A sight most sweete which did me wel content,
An Angell bright with visage shyning cleare.
With louing lookes, and with a smyling cheare,
He asked me, why art thou thus so sad?
Why gronest thou so? what doest thou dwyning heere?
With carefull cryes in this thy bailfull bed.

I heare thy sighs. I see thy twinkling teares,
Thou seemest to be in some perplexitie:
What meane thy mones, what is the thing thou feares?
Whom would thou haue, in what place would thou be?
Faint not so fast in thy aduersitie:
Mourne not so sore, since mourning may not mend:
Lift vp thy hart, declare thy greefe to me,
Perchance thy paine brings pleasure in the end.

I sight againe, and said, alas, for woe,
My greefe is great, I can it not declare:
[illegible] this earth I wander to and fro,
A pilgrime more consumde with sighing sore.
My sinnes alas, increases more and more,
I loath my life I wearie wandring heere:
I long for heauen, my heritage is there,
I long to liue with my Redeemer deare.

Is this the cause, said he, rise vp anone
And follow me, and I shall be thy guide:
And from thy sighs leaue off thy heauie mone,
Refraine from teares and cast thy care aside.
Trust in my strength, and in my word confide,
And thou shalt haue thy heauie hearts desire:
Rise vp with speede, I may not long abide,
Great diligence this matter doth require.

My soule reioyced to heare
I looked vp and saw his face
His countenance reuiued my
Incontinent I cast aside my care,
With humble hart I praide him to declare
What was his Name, he answerde me againe:
I am thy God for whom thou sighs so fair,
I now am comde, thy teares are not in vaine.

I am the way, I am the trueth and life,
I am thy spouse that brings the store of grace:
I am thy Lord that soone shall end thy strife,
I am thy loue whom thou wouldst faine imbrace.
I am thy ioy, I am thy rest and peace,
Rise vp anone and follow after me:
I shall the leade vnto thy dwelling place,
The Land of rest thou longest so sore to see.

With ioyfull hart I thanked him againe,
Readie am I, said I, and well content:
To follow the, for here I liue in paine,
O wretch vnworth my daies are vainlie spent.
Not one is iust, but all is fiercelie bent
To runne to vice, I haue no force to stand:
My sins increase, which makes me sore lament,
Make haste, O Lord, I long to see that land.

Thy haste is great, he answered me againe,
Thou thinkst the there, thou art transported so:
That pleasant place must purchast be with paine,
The way is strait, and thou hast farre to goe.
Art thou content to wander to and fro,
Through great deserts through water and through fire:
Through thornes and breares, and many dangers mo,
What saiest thou now: thy feeble flesh will tyre.

Alas,

A las, said [illegible] be weake,
My spirit [illegible] for to flee:
O leaue me [illegible] thy mercies sake
Performe thy word, or else for dule I die.
I feare no paine since I should walke with thee,
The way is long, yet bring me through at last:
Thou answerst wel, I am content, said he,
To be thy guide, but see thou grip me fast.

Then vp I rose, and made no more delay,
My feeble armes about his neck I cast:
He went before, and still did guide the way,
Thogh I was weake, my spirit did follow fast.
Throgh mosse and myre, throgh ditches deepe we pass,
Throgh pricking thornes, throgh water & throgh fyre,
Throgh dreadfull dennes which made my hart agast,
He bare me vp when I began to tyre.

Sometime we clamme on craigie Mountaines hie,
And sometimes slaid on vglie brayes of sand:
They were so stay that wonder was to see,
But when I feard he held me by the hand.
Throgh thick and thin, throgh sea and eke throgh land,
Throgh great deserts we wandred on our way.
When I was weake and had no strength to stand,
Yet with a looke he did refresh me ay.

Throgh waters great we were compeld to waid,
Which was so deepe that I was like to drowne,
Sometime I sanke, but yet my gratious guide
Did draw me vp halfe dead and in a sowne.
In woods most wilde, and far from any towne,
We thirsted throgh, the breares together stack:
I was so weake their strength did beate me downe,
That I was forced for feare so flee aback.

Courage

Courage, saide he, thou art [illegible]
Thou may not tyre, nor turne aback againe:
Hold fast thy grip, on me cast all thy care,
Allay thy strength thou shalt not fight in vaine.
I told thee first that thou should suffer paine,
The neerer heauen the harder is the way:
Lift vp thy hart and let thy hope remaine,
Since I am guide thou shalt not goe astray.

Forward we past on narrow brigs of tre,
Ouer waters great that hideously did roare:
There lay below that fearfull was to se,
Most vglie beasts that gaped to deuore.
My head grew light and troubled wondrous sore,
My heart did feare, my feete begouth to slide:
But when I cride, he heard me euermore,
And held me vp, O blessed be my guide.

Wearie I was, and thought to sit at rest,
But he said no, thou may not sit nor stand:
Hold on thy course, and thou shalt finde it best
If thou desirest to see that pleasant land.
Though I was weake, I rose at his command,
And held him fast, at length he let me se
That pleasant place, that semde to be at hand,
Take courage now, for thou art neare, said he.

I loked vp vnto that Castell fair,
Glistring like gold and shining siluer bright:
The statelie towres did mount aboue the air,
They blinded me they cast so great a light.
My heart was glad to see that ioyfull sight,
My voyage then I thought was not in vaine:
I him beseught to guide me there aright,
With many vowes neuer to tyre againe.

Though thou [illegible] is wondrous hard,
Said he againe, [illegible] thou must be stout:
Faint not for feare, for cowards are debarde,
That haue no heart to goe their voyage out.
Pluck vp thy hart and grip me fast about,
Out through this trance together we must goe:
The way is low, remember for to lout,
If this were past we haue not many moe.

I held him fast as he did giue command,
And through the trance together then we went:
Where in the midst great pricks or pron did stand,
Where with my forte was all betorne and rent.
Take courage now, said he, and be content,
To suffer this, the pleasure commes at last:
I answered not, but ran incontinent
Out ouer them all, and so the paine was past.

When this was done my heart did dance for ioy,
I was so neere I thought my voyage ended:
I ran before and sought not his connoy,
Nor askt the way because I thought I kende it.
On staitlie steps most stontlie I ascended,
Without his helpe I thought to enter there:
He followed fast and was right sore offended,
And hastelie did draw me downe the stare.

What haste said he, why ran thou so before?
Without my helpe thinkst thou to clim so hie?
Come downe againe, thou yet must suffer more,
If thou desirest that dwelling place to se.
This statelie stare it was not made for thee,
Hold thou that course thou shalt be thrust aback:
Alas said I, long wandring wearied me,
Which made me runne the neerest way to take.

Then

Then he began to comfort me [illegible]
And said my friend, thou must not enter thair:
Lift vp thy hart, thou yet must suffer paine,
The last assault of force it must be fair.
This goodlie way although it seeme so fair,
It is too hie, thou cannot clim so stay:
But looke below beneath that statelie stare,
And thou shalt see another kinde of way.

I looked downe and saw a Pit most black,
Most full of smooke and flamming fire most fell:
That vglie sight made me to flee aback,
I feared to heare so many shout and yell.
I him besought that he the trueth would tell,
Is this, said I, the Papists purging place?
Where they affirme that selie soules doe dwell,
To purge their sinne before they rest in peace.

The braine of man most warelie did inuent
That purging place, he answered me againe:
For greedinesse together they consent,
To say that soules in torments must remaine.
While gold and goods releeue them of their paine,
O spytfull spirits that did the same begin:
O blinded beasts your thoughts are all in vaine,
My blood alone doth cleanse the soule from sin.

This Pit is Hell where through thou now must go,
There is the way that leads thee to thy land:
Now play the man, thou needst not trimble so,
For I shall helpe and hold thee by the hand.
Alas, said I, I haue no force to stand,
For feare I faint to see that vglie sight:
How can I come amongst that bailfull band?
Oh helpe me now, I haue no force nor might,

Oft haue I [illegible] that enters here,
In this great [illegible] neuer come againe:
Courage, said he, haue I not bought thee deare?
My precious blood it was not shed in vaine.
I saw this place, my soule did taste this paine,
Ere euer I went into my Fathers glore:
Through must thou go, but thou shalt not remaine,
Thou needst not feare for I shall goe before.

I am content to doe thy whole command,
Said I againe, and did him fast imbrace:
Then louingly he held me by the hand,
And in we went into that fearfull place.
Hold fast thy grip, said he, in any case,
Let me not slip what euer thou shalt se:
Dread not the death, but stoutlie forward preasse,
For death nor hell shall neuer vanquish thee.

His words so sweete did cheare my heauie hart,
Incontinent I cuist my care aside:
Courage, said he, play not a cowards part,
Though thou be weake, yet in my strength confide.
I thought me blest to haue so good a guide,
Though I was weake, I knew that he was strong:
Vnder his wings I thought me for to hide,
If any there should preasse to doe me wrong.

Into that Pit when I did enter in,
I saw a sight which made my hart agast:
Poore damned soules tormented sore for sin,
In flamming fire were frying wonder fast.
And vglie spirits, and as I thought them past
My hart grew faint, and I begouth to tyre:
Ere I was ware one gripped me at last,
And held me high aboue a flamming fyre.

The

My fire was great, the heat did pearce me sore,
My faith grew weak, my grip was wondrous small:
I trembled fast, my feare grew more and more,
My hands did shake that I him held withall.
At length they loused, then I begouth to fall:
And cride aloud, and caught him fast againe:
Lord Jesus come and rid me out of thrall,
Courage, said he, now thou art past the paine.

With this great feare I started and awoke,
Crying aloud, Lord Jesus come againe:
But after this no kinde of rest I toke,
I pleased to sleepe, but it was all in vaine.
I would have dreamde of pleasure after paine,
Because I knew I shall it finde at last:
God grant my guide may still with me remaine,
It is to come that I beemed was past.

This is a dreame, and yet I thought it best
To write the same, and keepe it still in minde:
Because I knew there was no earthlie rest
Prepardo for vs, that hath our harts inclinde
To serke the Lord we must be purgde and finde,
Our drosse is great the fire must try vs fore:
But yet our God is mercifull and kinde,
He shall remaine and helpe vs euermore.

The way to Heauen I see is wondrous hard,
My Dreame declares that we have far to goe:
We must be stout for cowards are debarde,
Our flesh of force must suffer paine and woe,
These dirtie waies and many dangers moe
Awaits for vs, we can not liue in rest:
But let vs learne since we are warned so
To cleaue to Christ, for he can helpe vs best.

O selie soules with paines so sore oppreſt,
That lous the Lord and long for heauen so hie:
Change not your mindes for ye haue chosen the best,
Prepare your selues for troubled must ye be.
Fainte not for feare in your aduersitie,
It is the way that leads you vnto life:
Suffer a while and ye shall shortlie se
The land of rest when ended is your strife.

In wildernesse ye must be tride a while,
Yet forward preasse, and neuer slee aback:
Like pilgrimes poore and strangers in exile,
Through faire and fouill your iourney ye must take.
The deuill, the world, and all that they can make,
Will send their force to stoppe you in the way:
Your flesh will faint and sometime will grow slake,
Yet come to Christ and he shall helpe you ay.

The thornie cares of this deceitfull life,
Will rent your hart and make your soule to blede:
Your flesh and spirit will be at deadlie strife,
Your cruell foe will hold you still in dreed.
And throwe you downe, yet rise againe with spede,
And though ye fall yet ly not lottring still:
But call on Christ to helpe you in your neede,
Who will not faill his promise to fulfill.

In floods of woe when we are like to drowne,
Yet clim to Christ and grip him wonder fast:
And though ye sinke and in the deepe fall downe,
Yet cry aloud and he will heare at last.
Dread not the death, nor be not sore agast,
Though all the earth against you should conspyre:
Christ is your guide, and when your paine is past
Ye shall haue ioy aboue your harts desyre.

Though

Though in this earth ye ſhall exalted be,
Feare ſhall be left to humble you withall:
For if ye climme on toppes of mountaines hie,
The higher vp, the nearer is your fall.
Your honey ſweete ſhall mixed be with gall,
Your ſhort delight ſhall end with paine and griefe:
Yet truſt in God, for his aſſiſtance call,
And he ſhall helpe and ſend you ſome releife.

Though waters great doe compaſſe you about,
Though tyrants threat, though Lyons rage and roare:
Defy them all and feare not to win out,
Your guide is nere to helpe you euermore.
Though pricks of vice doe prick you wondrous ſore,
As noyſome luſtes that ſeeke your ſoule to ſlay:
Yet cry on Chriſt and he ſhall goe before,
The nearer heauen the harder is your way.

Runne out your race, ye muſt not faint nor tyre,
Nor ſit, nor ſtand, nor turne aback againe:
If ye intend to haue your parts deſire,
Preaſe forward ſtill although it be with paine.
No reſt for you ſo long as ye remaine
As pilgrime poore into this loathſome life:
Fight out your fight, it ſhall not be in vaine,
Your rich reward is worth a greater ſtrife.

If after teares ye liue a whyle in ioy,
And geta taſte of that eternall glore:
Be not ſecure, nor ſlip not your connoy,
For if ye doe, ye ſhall repent it ſore.
He knoweth the way, and he muſt goe before,
Clim you alone ye ſhall not miſſe a fall:
Your filthie fleſh it muſt be troubled more,
If ye forget vpon your guide to call.

If Christ be gone, although ye seeme to flie
With golden wings abous the firmament:
Come downe againe, ye shall not better be,
That pride of yours ye shall right sore repent.
Then hold him fast with humble hart ay bent,
To follow him, although through hell and death.
He went before, his smile was torne and rent,
For your deserts he felt his Fathers wrath.

Though in the end ye suffer torments fell,
Cleane fast to him that felt the same before:
The way to heaven must be through death and hell,
The last assault will trouble you full sore.
The Lyon then most cruellie will rore,
His time is short, his furies he will bend:
The greater strife, the greater is your glore,
Your paine is short, your ioy shall never end.

Reioice in God, let not your courage faill,
Ye chosen Saints that are assaulted here:
Though Satan rage, he never shall prevaile,
Fight to the end and stoutlie persevere.
Your God is true, your bloode is to him deare,
Feare not the way, since Christ is your conuoy:
When clouds are past the weather will grow cleare,
Ye sow in teares, but ye shall reape in ioy.

Both death and hell hath lost their cruell sting,
Your Captaine Christ hath made them all to yelde:
Lift vp your hearts and praises to him sing,
Triumph for ioy your enemies are kild.
The Lord of Hostes that is your strength and sheilde,
The Serpents head hath stoutlie tramped downe:
Trust in his strength, passe forward in the field,
Overcome in fight and ye shall weare the Crowne.

The

The King of Kings if he be on our side,
We nede not feare who dare against us stand:
Into the field may we not boldlie bide,
When he shall helpe us with his mightie hand?
Who sits aboue and rules both sea and land,
Who with his breath doth make the hils to shake:
The hostes of heauen are armed at his command,
To fight the field when we appeare most weake.

Pluck vp your hart ye are not left alone,
The Lambe of God shall leade you in the way:
The Lord of hostes that raignes on royall throne,
Against your foes his Banner will display.
The Angels bright shall stand in good array,
To hold you vp, ye nede not feare to fall:
Your enemies shall flie and be your pray,
Ye shall triumph and they shall perish all.

The ioy of heauen is worth a moments paine,
Take courage then, lift vp your harts on hie:
To iudge the earth when Christ shall come againe,
Aboue the clouds ye shall exalted be.
A Crowne of ioy and true felicitie
Awaits for you when fight is your light:
Suffer a while and ye shall shortlie see
A glorie most great and infinite of weight.

Prepare your selues, be valiant men of war,
And thrust with force out through the narrow way:
Hold on thy course and shrinke not back for feare,
Christ is your gude, ye shall not goe astray.
The tyme is neare, be sober, watch and pray,
He sees your teares, and he hath laid in store:
A rich reward, which in that ioyfull day
Ye shall receiue and raigne for euer more.

Now to the King that create all of nought,
The Lord of Lordes that rules both land and sea:
That saued our soules, and with his blod vs bought,
And vinquisht death triumphing on the tree.
Vnto the great and glorious Trinitie,
That saues the poore, and doth his owne defend:
Be land and glore, honour and maiestie,
Power and praise, Amen, world without end.

FINIS.

A VERIE COMFORTABLE SONG,

To the Tune of, Shall I let her goe.

AWay vaine world bewitcher of mine heart,
My sorrow showes my sinnes makes me to smart:
Yet will I not dispare, but to my God repare,
He hath mercie ay, therefore will I pray,
He hath mercie ay, and loues me,
Though by his troubling hand he proues me.

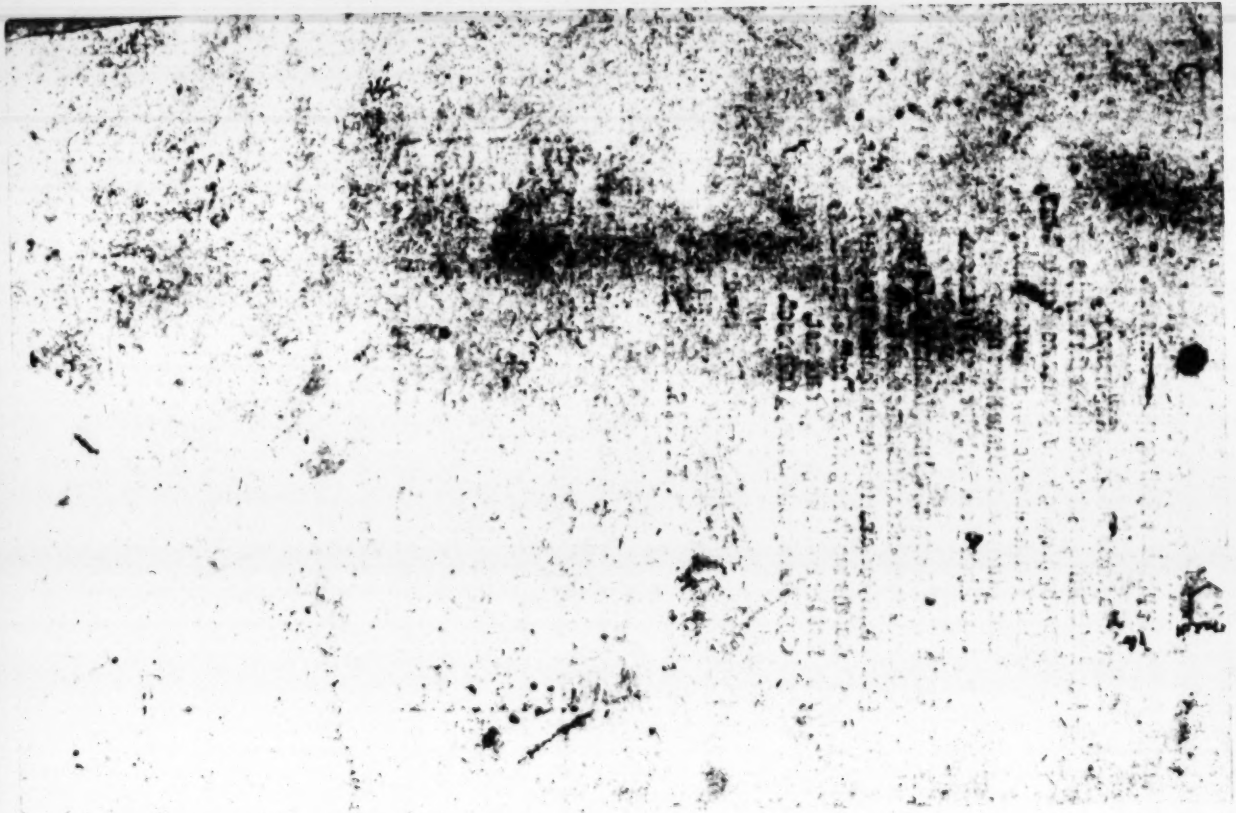
Away, away, too long thou hast me snarde,
I will not lose more tyme I am preparde:
Thy subtle slights so slie, they haue deceiued me,
Though they sweetlie smyle, smoothlie they begyle,
Though they sweetlie smyle, suspect them,
The simple sort they syle, reiect them.

Once more away showes loath the world to leaue,
Bids oft away with her that holds me slaue:
Loath I am to forgoe, that sweete alluring foe,
Since thy waies are vaine, shall I them retaine,

Since

Since thy waies are vaine, I quyte thée,
Thy pleasure shall no more delute me.

A thousand times away, ah stay no more,
Sweete Christ me saue, lest subtle sin deuore:
Without thy helping hand, I haue no force to stand,
Lest I turne aside, let thy grace me guide,
Lest I turne aside, draw neere me,
And when I call for helpe, Lord heare me.

What shall I doe, are all my pleasures past?
Shall worldlie lustes now take their leaue at last?
Yea Christ, these earthly toyes, shal turn to heauenly ioies,
Let the world be gone, I le loue Christ alone,
Let the world be gone, I care not,
Christ is my loue alone, I feare not.

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